

BEDLAM

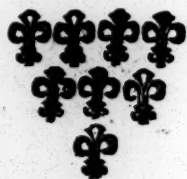
Broke loose,

A Reveiw of that Boist'rous *Uproar*,
whereby the *Lives* of the Right
Honourable

DIGBY LORD GERARD
and his *Mother*,

were eminently Endanger'd, *June 1677.*

Præteriti dulce est Meminisse periculi.



London, Printed 1677.





B E D L A M

broke loose, &c.

OF all *Wild Beasts*, Heaven defend us from the *Rabble Rampant*! *Africk* has not a *Monster* so outrageously Cruel, as *This* with the *Many-Heads* and no *Brains*. Next the mischief of their *Hands*, there is nothing more to be dreaded than the *Venome* of their *Tongues*; for when they have committed their *Savage Exploits*, they *Bruit* abroad *Slaunders* to varnish over their *Insolence*, and pretend *Reasons* for their *Phrensies*.

The Entertainment which the Noble Digby Lord Gerard met with in the City of London last *Whitsontide*, was so far remote from common Civility, much more, the Respect due to a person of his QUALITY and MERIT, that *Indians* would have *Blush'd* at those Barbarities, which an Ungovernable crew of Heathen-Christians Acted, without either Remorse, or (what is more to be lamented) Punishment from Justice; yet have they since made as bold with his Lordships Honour, as then with his Person; and by spurious Reports (begot in close Adulteries between Lying Tongues, and Itching Ears) endeavour to cast the Odium of that Frantick Tumult upon those that were only passively concern'd, and (to the grand hazard of their Lives) causlessly Assaulted.

For Rectifying such false and scandalous rumours rais'd by Malice, and swallow'd by Ignorance; tis become necessary to give the world the true Rise, Progress, and Up-shot of that riotous Hubbub, the memory whereof I could otherwise with might remain as obscure as its Original Authors, that our Age might be free from the scandal, and Posterity from the Ill-precedent of such a popular exorbitance.

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The LORD GERARD being but in the *fifteenth* year of his Age, ever *Piously* and *harmlessly* Educated, the natural *sweetness* of his Temper, and acquir'd Accomplishments from *Liberal Studies* and *virtuous principles*, rendring his deportment not only *Inoffensive*, but most *generously obliging* to the *meanest* persons. Going with his Mother and others in the *Whitson* holy days 1677. (soon after his first coming to Town) to see new *Bedlam* (yet not out of curiosity, but on Extraordinary occasion) coming near to the Gate, desired a woman that there obstructed the passage, by the name of GOOD WOMAN to stand by, that he might speak with the Porter of the House.

'Twas sure his Lordships excellent *Good-Nature* overway'd his Judgement to bestow that *improper Appellation* upon her, for had he but consider'd the rules of *Physiognomy* he might have read the virtues of all the three *Furies*, with a *Landscape* of *Bridewel* and *Newgate* to boot, in the disorderly *Hieroglyphicks* of her *wretched* countenance; whether not being us'd to be call'd so, and *conscious* how little she deserv'd the *Title*, made her take it for an *Affront*, or that the fumes of her indigested *Ale* and *Brandy* at that unlucky minute,

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caus'd

caus'd an insurrection of *Choler* in her *Pericranium*,
 I cannot precisely determine, this is most certain,
 that only that *mistake*, or the meer *presumption* of
 speaking to her, without further provocation,
 was resent'd as so heinous an offence by her *High*
and mighty Gammarship, that it had like to have
 cost *my Lord* his life; For forthwith looking sted-
 fastly and grimly upon him, like the *Devil over*
Lincoln, or a *Witch* reading ones *Fortune*, she
 rudely told him *he must not come in there*; and in-
 stead of a reason, at the same instant, gave him
 such a *blow* on the nose and eyes with her *Clownish*
fist, as he was almost *suffocated* with his own
 blood, which superlative *violence* was seconded
 by a *Brawny Porter*, a fellow compos'd of *Noise*
 and *Rudeness*, whom for fashion-sake she calls
Husband that durst do no other than engage in
 the *unknown* quarrel of his imperious *Bed-Cock-*
atrice; and that their *diavellish paws* might keep
time to some *Hellish Musick*, she call'd the *Noble*
young Gentleman a thousand times *ROGUE*, and
 other *abusive Names*; but he was made incapa-
 ble of returning her thanks in her *Billingsgate*
Complements (had he been *vers'd* in them) or a-
 ny other *Language*; and had not the *Divine Pro-*
vidence

vidence Protected him, had thereby these insolent and bloody *Savages* lost his innocent *Life*, as he did much of the *Beauty* of that face which few can *Equal*.

For this trapping *Virago*, and her *Mate*, and two men more of their *Raskally* Companions, like so many *Irish Mastives*, laid hold on him all at once: *Four to one* and he but a *Child*,, was I confess some *small odds*, but put that to the score of their *valour*; As likewise their *plucking* him barbarously by the *Hair*, which I am sure was contrary to *Magna Charta* and all the *Fundamental Laws* of the *Bear-Garden* it self---But *Raillery* apart--for they did not *jest*, Having given him many *desperate blows*, they endeavour'd to thrust him *backwards* down the stairs with an intent (no doubt) to *Murder* him upon the place: whilst he was thus held down by the *Hair*, having no *other way* to *defend* himself, and make them draw back (the crowd keeping off his *Footmen* and *Pages*) he drew his *little sword*, which the Porter too intent upon this *Divelish* design of gratifying his *Raging Baggage*, heedlessly met with, and thereby *Raz'd* the skin of his belly; but one might lawfully swear there was no *Christian blood* spilt.

However an *Out-cry* is rais'd, and immediately a mighty rout of men and women, *possest* (had it been possible) with something worse than themselves, hurry about my Lord, endeavouring with fresh *Attaques* of *violent fury* to take away his *Noble Life*; and though he made no resistance but calmly offered to *surrender* himself to the next, or any *Magistrate*; yet they *Hale* him from one place to another, still persued by the impetuous clamours of this worthy *Apple-woman*, who began all the mischief; and now *Haloo'd* on the *yelping Rabble* as oft as she could get within *Tongue-shot*, discharging her *Mouth Granadoes* of Oathes and Curses, crying, *let him come out ile tear him to pieces, &c.* at last being put into his own Coach to go before a Justice, an impudent *Shomaker* broke the glasses, and he and another flung *Brick-batts* into the Coach, but for that my Lord can forgive them from a *glorious precedent* that patiently suffered the same and worse indignities; some of their elder Brethren threw the like into the Coach of *St. Charles* their KING, whom they *Martyr'd*; Thus now this blustering *Hewson* with many others of the same cast -- cryd -- *Kill him, kill him, knock him o'b head, pull him to pieces, dash*

dash out his brains, and many other modes of Execution, more than *Sicilian Tyrants* ever invented, was he presently doom'd to, by these *Peerless* and lawless judges; who to shew that they were in *bad earnest*, made such severe *blows* into the Coach, that a Gentleman in it with my Lord wore the *Marks* a good while after on his *Arms*; The *Bedlamites* within were a *sober* discreet *Tribe* in comparison of these without; to appease their rage no Remonstrances of reason could be heard, neither *Beauty*, (which has disarm'd Conquerors in the heat of battel) nor *Eloquence* (that has calm'd the wildest Tumults) nor *Youth* (which usually engages pitty) nor *Obliging condescensions* (which are wont to soften the most obdurate and insens'd, to terms of moderation) could here prevail; The Tears of an innocent affrighted Lady, the Prayers of an indulgent Mother, (desiring only common justice for her endangered Son) were slighted; nay all *Authority* condemn'd and abused, for the very *Constables* and Officers that guarded my Lord, stood in need of a *Guard* for themselves, being threatned to be torn to pieces, for endeavouring to keep the *Peace*, and restrain them from *Murdering* him; So that my Lord was forc'd

to quit his Coach, and to avoid being *Assassinated* by these *Russians*, make a *Sanctuary* of the Counter, where through Gods mercy, his life was saved, though the Rout was so set upon mischief, that they broke, and began to *untile* the place to get at him, threatening to pull it dwn, which in all like hood they had accomplisht, had not the Sheriff Sir. *Thomas Stamp* (the only great officer that could be found) been sent for to quell them; who were grown to such a Head that the Lady *GERARD* has seriously profess'd she thinks she should (if not been kill'd by their actual violence) have dyed with the just apprehension of her sons danger, had it not been for the generous and *Christian* charity of four persons of Quality, two *valiant Brothers*, and two as worthy *obliging Ladies*, their near Relations, meer strangers to her Honour, who yet *Rescued* and assisted her and my Lord, and left them not till safe and out of danger, Nor can she forget with Gratitude to acknowledge the civilities of a worthy *Citizen* and his *virtuous wife*, who secured and entertain'd them in his house to the hazard of having it pulled down over his head by the *Bedlamiz'd multitude*.

To give an exact account of that motley crew

is impossible, it comprehended more sorts of Beasts than *Noah's Ark*, and as many Sects of *No-Religion* as Presbytery ever spawn'd; many of them pretended themselves *London Prentices* famous for offering to demolish *Bawdy-houses*, out of a politick design to warrant you, to be *Brib'd* with money to *spend in them*, For in earnest we may guess they had rather pull down all the *Nobility* and *Gentry*, than one of *those*; else tis strange, not only the *Lord Gerard* and his *Mother* too, should not by their will be suffered to live, but that another *Noble Lady* coming in her *Coach* occasionally to *Bedlam* whilst this godly work was carrying on, should be no less sawcily affronted by a pestilent corporation of this *Rabble*, crying out---*Tear her to pieces, knock out her brains, This is the Bitch his Mother, &c.* breaking her *Coach*, and hurting several with her; The first time I dare affirm either that *Honourable Lady*, or the *Lady Gerard* ever received such usage or *Language*; yet would I not charge this *Rudeness* on the *Apprentices* of *London* in general, as hoping that the better sort of them as they are more generously descended, so they scorn to mix with such a mischievous *Rascally Rout*; but in all Tumults

there are a parcel of Beggarly *Filching Vermine* that assume *their* names, and under that pretence *Ravage* at their pleasures, and commit the most *nefarious Crimes*.

But now tis high time to see how the *Porter* does; Life you know is sweet, and had it not been for the Cordial drinking of *Ale* and smoaking *Tobacco*, our man of *Carriage* might possibly have miscarryed; for that night his *Surgeon* took a Corporal oath in spite of his Soul, that his wound was mortal; and indeed, *To a Bruit that had neither Brains, nor Heart, the Likeliest Inlett of Death was in the Paunch*; yet the man of *Art* never dress'd it, for fear of making *too Speedy a Cure*; and the very next day made a civil *Affidavit*, that he *was in no danger*; whence we may conclude, that he *heald him and his own Conscience both by Sympathy*; But notwithstanding in the vulgar Creed he has been mortally wounded, dead, and buried, yet he is since curs'd into a *Resurrection* by living again (though in a perpetual Purgatory) with that *she-Fiend* before mentioned, to whom he durst not but retorne, dwelling at this instant near *Newgate*, a place as fit as any I know for him; nor is his name less suitable, for he
calls

calls himself J. N O I S E, and all the Neighbourhood can witness that his spouse (whether the Ceremony ever pass'd between them or not) may yet very justly lay claim to that Name as well as he.

And now one would think the Hurricane were pretty well laid, but I should be unjust to the Shomakers excellent grace of perseverance, if I omit his Lasting valour and Christian charity, who severa dayes after (when one might have hoped the Fermentation of his cholerique blood had been somewhat abated) very gravely declared---
That it was a world of pity my Lord Gerards brains had not been knock'd out; and some of this godly crew have threatned to have another bout with him, if ever he come into the City. Yet if we enquire into the worthy reasons of their spight, they have never been able to alledge the least shadow of pretence; their greatest Plea being; *That they knew not that he was a Lord*; nor is it like they should, unless set on, as the manner of their Attempt induces many judicious persons to beleive they were; howe'tis not imaginable, they would have paid any Respect to that QUALITY, who by this very excuse do as bad as acknowledge, that
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they count all *below* it at least, though never so much their *Betters*, fit objects of their *Abuses*; In a word, all circumstances considered, this *Honourable Child* being, though of *English* and *Loyal* Parents, an absolute *stranger* to the *Town*, and one that none of them ever *lost* by, but some on the contrary *gain'd*, (the common measures both of their *Love* and *Religion*) 'Twas as grand and *Fanatical* an insolence (bating but the bloody freaks of the *Fifth Monarch-men*) as ever was acted since the *Restoration* of our *sacred King*; who (as he is never wanting in *Acts* of *Goodness* and *Justice* even to the meanest of his *Subjects*) was graciously pleas'd on the first humble *Address* to deliver this oppressed young *Gentleman*, by giving orders to the *Magistrates*, But 'twas so long before any of them could be found, that *Ten thousand Lives* might have been lost, if not within the *Pale* of *God's* special *Protection*, and had not his *Creator* bless'd him with an *Excellent Constitution*, the hard and different usage from that of all his *Life*, which he received as well by the *Cold as Bruises* he had suffered, without application of any remedy, not being allow'd to go to his *Lodging*, was enough to put a period to his *Life* they so much
thir-

thirsted after, no body knows why.

Yet must it be acknowledg'd, that my *Lord* was very civilly and Hospitably treated at that worthy Gentleman *Sr. William Turner's* house, but was not dismiss'd till next day, and then not without *City Bail*, to appear at the next Sessions of the Peace at *Guild-Hall*, where he was discharged; And though there was all done, that could be there, and perhaps more than can be justified against this *Noble Innocent*, yet I know not how, nor why it happen'd, that there was not the least *Prosecution* admitted, or notice taken of any of those insolent *Rioters*, that so barbarously injured him, and notoriously broke the *Peace*, in affront of Law, and to the scandal of that *City* heretofore for *Civil Government* renowned throughout *Europe*.

F I X I S.